It is supposed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death

Death lie thou there by a dead ma
How oft when men are at the poi
Haue they bene merie? which thei
A lightning before death? Oh hov
Call this a lightning? O my Loue
Death that hath suckt the honey o
Hath had no power yet vpon thy
Thou art not conquerd, bewties e
Is crymson in thy lips and in thy c
And deaths pale flag is not aduan
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy blo
O what more fauour can I do to t
Then with that hand that cut thy
To sunder his that was thine ene
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iu*
Why art thou yet so faire? I will
Shall I beleeue that vnsubstantial
And that the leane abhorred mo
Thee here in darke to be his parta
For feare of that I still will staie w
And neuer from this pallat of dy
Depart againe, come lye thou in
Heer's to thy health, where ere th
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with
Depart againe, here, here, will I r
With wormes that are thy Cham
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspici
From this world wearied flesh, e
Armes take your last embrace:
The doores of breath, seale with
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingrossi
Come bitter conduct, come vns
Thou desperate Pilot, now at o
The dashing Rocks, thy seasick
Heeres to my Loue. O true Ap
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus wi

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